

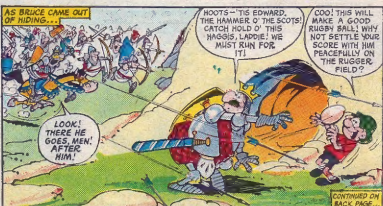
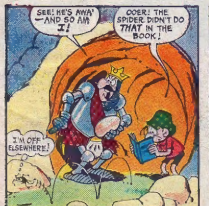
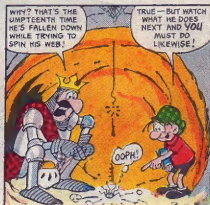
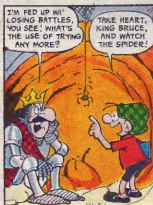
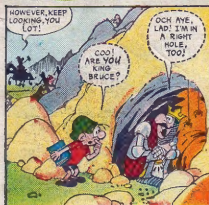
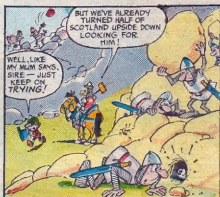
EXCITING NEW PICTURE-STORY STARTS INSIDE!

BUSTER 7d

EVERY MONDAY and Giggle 2nd MARCH, 1968

Australia 18 cents; New Zealand 18 cents; South Africa 10 cents; Rhodesia 1/-; East Africa 1 00 cents; West Africa 1/-; India 9d; Canada 15 cents; Malaysia 40 cents; Denmark Kr. 1 50; Deutschland Dm. 55; Espana Ptas. 10 0; Nederland fl. 65; Norge Kr. 1 25; Portugal Esc. 3 0; Suomi Fm. 40; Sverige Kr. 75; Italia L. 120.

BUSTERS DREAM-WORLD



CONTINUED ON BACK PAGE.

THE MIGHTY SPACE-CREATURE STOOD STILL—TRANSFIXED BY MYSTERIOUS LIGHTS!

GALAXUS

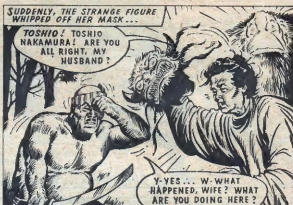
THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

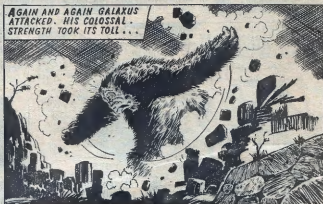
A space-creature known as Galaxus had been marooned on Earth, and although he meant no harm to anyone he was being hunted throughout Japan. With his only friends—two English boys named Jim and Danny Jones—he managed to defeat a proud village headman named Toshio Nakamura who felt he had been disgraced in front of his people. But as the three friends were preparing to escape, an awesome figure appeared...



IMMEDIATELY, THE GENTLE BUT STARTLED SPACE-CREATURE LEAPT FROM JIM'S SHOULDER AND BEGAN TO CHANGE SIZE IN HIS PANIC...







HAS GALAXUS CLAIMED HIS FIRST VICTIM . . . AND WILL JIM BE NEXT? READ ON NEXT WEEK!

FREDDY HAS TROUBLE HIDING HIS BUDGIES... BUT HE HOPES A CONJUROR'S COAT WILL DO THE TRICK!



FREDDY "Parrot-face" DAVIES



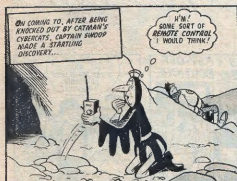
A MUSIC LOVER STRIKES THE WRONG NOTE WITH FREDDY NEXT MONDAY!

THE CYBERCATS WENT IN REVERSE WITH CATMAN'S GOLD — AND HE WAS TAKEN ABACK!



CAPTAIN SWOOP

HE'S HALF MAN, HALF BIRD, HALF WIT



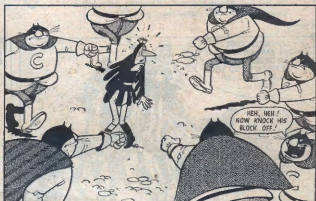
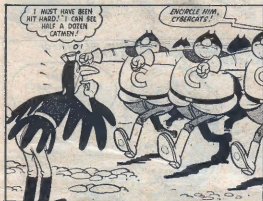
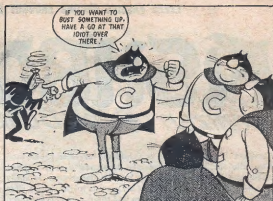
THE CYBERCATS HAD GOT THE MESSAGE —

EN?

I'M OFF BEFORE I GET BUSTED UP, TOO!

SMASH

BASH CRASH



WHATEVER HAPPENS, SWOOP MUSTN'T LOSE HIS HEAD . . . AND PANIC! SEE THE FUN NEXT WEEK!

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NAME

FULL ADDRESS

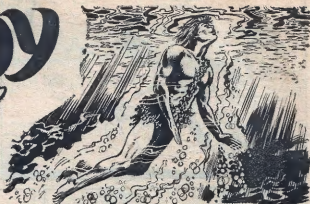
DATE OF BIRTH BUS 1

EVERY PASSING SECOND BROUGHT DISASTER NEARER TO THE TRAPPED BOY!

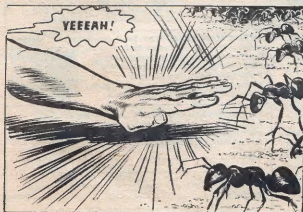
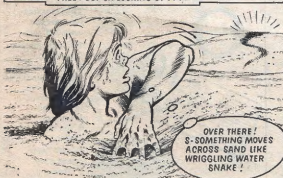
FISHBOY

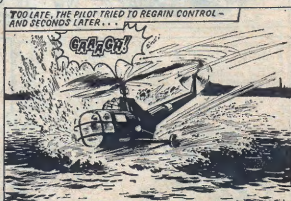
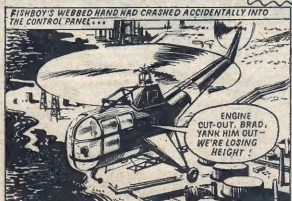
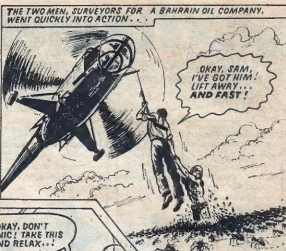
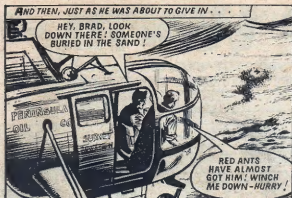
Denizen of the Deep

Stranded on a desert island as a child and forced to get his food from the sea, Fishboy gradually developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe underwater as easily as a fish. After discovering that his parents might still be alive and living in London, he set off to find them... but in Southern Persia he fell foul of some desert tribesmen, who left him to perish in what they called the "pit of doom"...



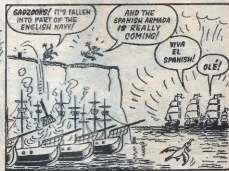
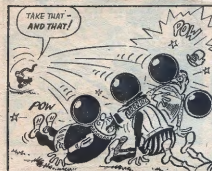
FORCING HIS WEBBED FINGERS TO WORK LIKE A MOLE'S CLAW DEEP BELOW THE GROUND, FISHBOY WRENCHED ONE HAND FREE - BUT ON LOOKING UP...





WILL ALL THREE OCCUPANTS SUFFER THE SAME FATE? DON'T MISS NEXT MONDAY'S THRILLS!

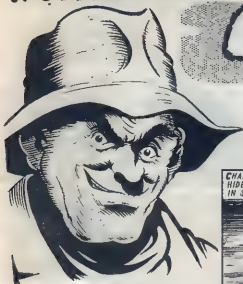
SEE HOW A WORM MAKES LIGHT WORK OF DEFEATING THE SPANISH ARMADA!



NEXT WEEK, WONDER WORM TELLS THE TALE OF A SCOTTISH HERO! DON'T MISS THE FUN!

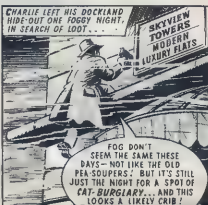
AT FIRST, CAT-BURLING IN MODERN LONDON SEEMED LIKE MOUNTAINEERING TO CHARLIE!

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of *Charlie* Peace



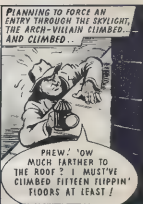
Charlie Peace, arch-villain of the Victorian era, had been tricked into entering a time-machine which had transported him forward to the year 1968. Although everything was strange to him in modern London, he decided to continue his career of crime...

CHARLIE LEFT HIS DOCKLAND
HIDE-OUT ONE FOGGY NIGHT,
IN SEARCH OF LOOT...



FOG DON'T
SEEM THE SAME THESE
DAYS - NOT LIKE THE OLD
PEA-SOUPERS! BUT IT'S STILL
JUST THE NIGHT FOR A SPOT OF
CAT-BURLARY... AND THIS
LOOKS A LIKELY CRIB!

PLANNING TO FORCE AN
ENTRY THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT,
THE ARCH-VILLAIN CLIMBED...
AND CLIMBED...



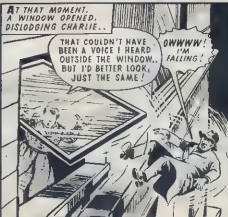
PREW! 'OW
MUCH FARTHER TO
THE ROOF? I MUST'VE
CLIMBED FIFTEEN FLIPPIN'
FLOORS AT LEAST!

WHEN THE FOG SUDDENLY
LIFTED, CHARLIE DISCOVERED
HE WAS ASCENDING A
SKY-SCRAPER...



COR! SWIPE
ME SILLY... I'M
ONLY HALF-WAY
UP! THESE BLINKIN'
MODERN-DAY BUILDERS
JUST DON'T KNOW
WHEN TO STOP!
IT'S LUCKY I'VE GOT
A HEAD FOR
HEIGHTS!

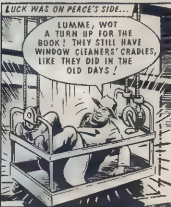
AT THAT MOMENT,
A WINDOW OPENED,
DISLODGING CHARLIE...



THAT COULDN'T HAVE
BEEN A VOICE I HEARD
OUTSIDE THE WINDOW...
BUT I'D BETTER LOOK,
JUST THE SAME!

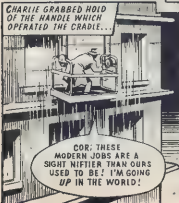
OWWWW!
I'M
FALLING!

LUCK WAS ON PEACE'S SIDE...



LUMME, WOT
A TURN UP FOR THE
BOOK! THEY STILL HAVE
WINDOW CLEANERS' CRADLES,
LIKE THEY DID IN THE
OLD DAYS!

CHARLIE GRABBED HOLD
OF THE HANDLE WHICH
OPERATED THE CRADLE...



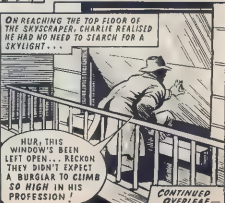
COR; THESE
MODERN JOBS ARE A
SIGHT NIFTIER THAN OURS
USED TO BE! I'M GOING
UP IN THE WORLD!

THE VILLAIN FROM VICTORIAN
TIMES WAS SWEEP EFFORTLESSLY
UPWARDS...



THIS IS THE WAY
TO GO TO WORK, CHARLIE
BOY! CAT-BURLING
TWENTIETH-CENTURY
STYLE IS JUST MY
CUP O' TEA!

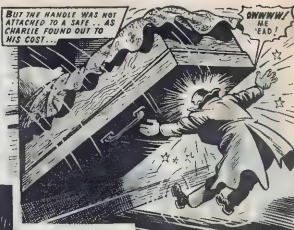
ON REACHING THE TOP FLOOR OF
THE SKYSCRAPER, CHARLIE REALISED
HE HAD NO NEED TO SEARCH FOR A
SKYLIGHT...



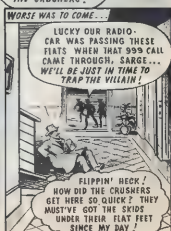
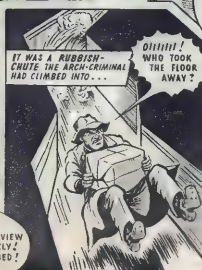
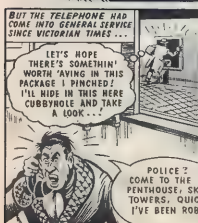
HUR, THIS
WINDOW'S BEEN
LEFT OPEN... RECKON
THEY DIDN'T EXPECT
A BURLGAR TO CLIMB
SO HIGH IN HIS
PROFESSION!

CONTINUED
OVERLEAF

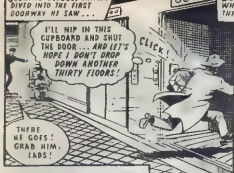
A FOLD-AWAY BED CAUGHT THE ARCH-ROGUE NAPPING!



CHARLIE YANKED THE RUG FROM
UNDER THE FLAT-OWNER'S FEET...



SEEKING REFUGE, CHARLIE DIVERGED INTO THE FIRST DOORWAY HE SAW...



I'LL NIP IN THIS CUPBOARD AND SHUT THE DOOR... AND LET'S HOPE I DON'T DROP DOWN ANOTHER THIRTY FLOORS!

THERE HE GOES! GRAB HIM, LADS!

BUT, EVEN AS HE WHEELED TO CLOSE THE DOOR...

SLAM!

COR! SOMEONE'S DONE IT FOR ME!

BY CHANCE, THE MASTER-CROOK HAD OPERATED ANOTHER MODERN INVENTION... AN AUTOMATIC EXPRESS LIFT!



CHARLIE SAW THE EMERGENCY BUTTON AND PRESSED IT... HARD THE LIFT STOPPED WITH A JERK!



ON THE TOP FLOOR...

HELP! POLICE! WE'RE BACK AGAIN! DOUUUUUU!



CLEAR THE WAY, MATEY! I'M ABOUT CHEESSED-OFF WITH ALL THESE UPS-AND-DOWNS!

THE POLICE HAD FOLLOWED CHARLIE IN THE STAFF LIFT...



THERE'S THE VILAIN! AFTER HIM, LADS!

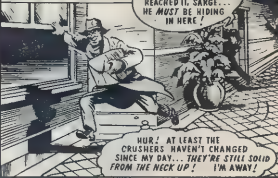
SWIPE ME, HERE COME THOSE CRUSHERS AGAIN! I'LL AVE TO ACT FAST!



QUICKLY, LADS! WE CAN'T GET AWAY!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! I'LL JUST PUSH OPEN THIS DOOR TO PUT 'EM OFF ME TRAIL... AND THEN HIDE BEHIND THE VASE!

SURE ENOUGH, THE POLICE NOTICED THE OPEN DOOR...



IT WAS STILL SWINGING WHEN I REACHED IT, SARGE... WE MUST BE HIDING IN HERE!

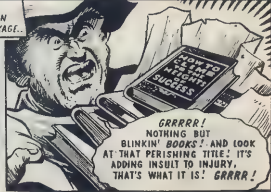
HUR! AT LEAST THE CRUSHERS HAVEN'T CHANGED SINCE MY DAY... THEY'RE STILL SOLID FROM THE NECK UP! I'M AWAY!

CHARLIE CLIMBED LABORIOUSLY DOWN THE TALL BUILDING TO MAKE HIS ESCAPE...



C-COR, I'M FAIR WORN OUT! THIS IS THE LAST TIME I GO CAT-BURGLING ON A SKY-SCRAPER! THERE'D BETTER BE SOMETHIN' GOOD IN THIS PACKAGE I PINCHED!

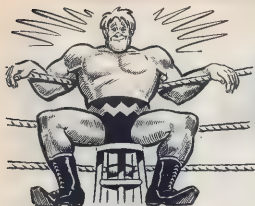
BUT WHEN THE VICTORIAN VILAIN OPENED THE PACKAGE...



GRRRR! NOTHING BUT BLINKIN' BOOKS! AND LOOK AT THAT PERISHING TITLE! IT'S ADDING INSULT TO INJURY, THAT'S WHAT IT IS! GRRRR!

CHARLIE PEACE STARS IN ANOTHER GRAND PICTURE-THRILLER NEXT MONDAY! DON'T MISS IT!

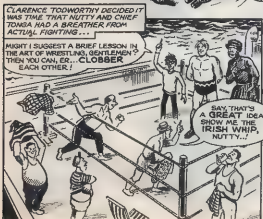
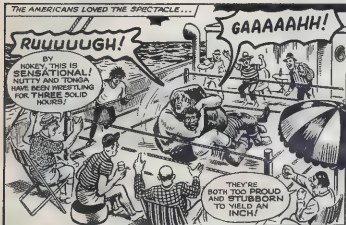
NUTTY AND TONGA WRESTLED WITH THEIR PROBLEM... WHO SHOULD WIN THE BOUT?

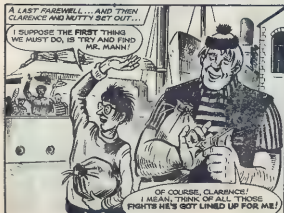


NUTTY SLACK

The GENTLE GRAPPLER

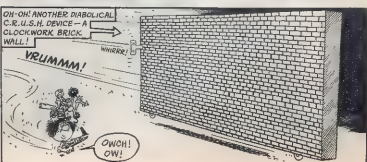
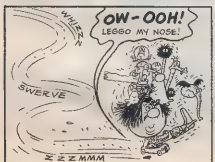
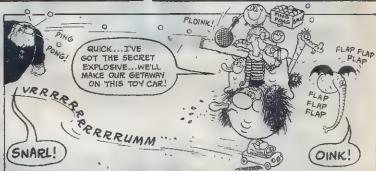
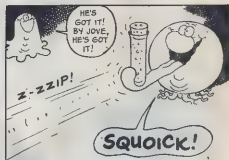
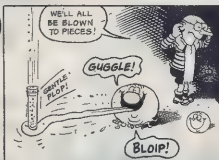
Cast adrift in the Atlantic Ocean following a clash with the villainous crews of two cargo ships, Nutty Slack, Clarence Todworthy and Chief Tonga were picked up by some American millionaires who were on a pleasure-cruise. Nutty and Tonga then staged some exhibition wrestling matches...

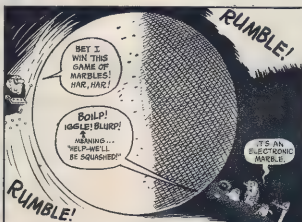
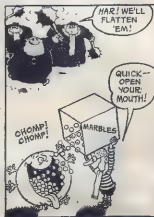
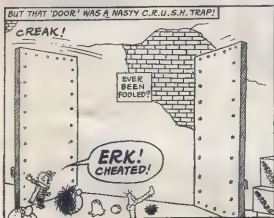
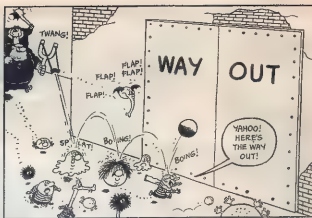
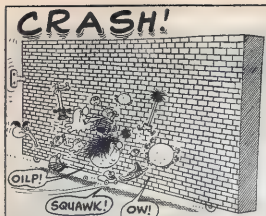




THE UNSUSPECTING BRITONS ARE WALKING INTO TROUBLE! WHAT WILL BE THEIR FATE? SEE NEXT WEEK!

A MOMENT OF EMERGENCY — BUT ONE OF THE MONSTERS HAS THE SITUATION LICKED!

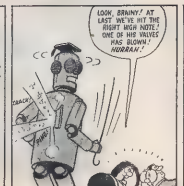
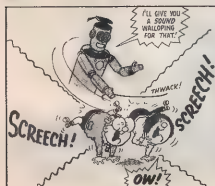
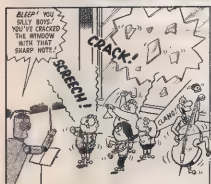
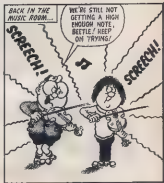
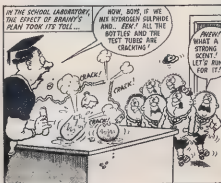
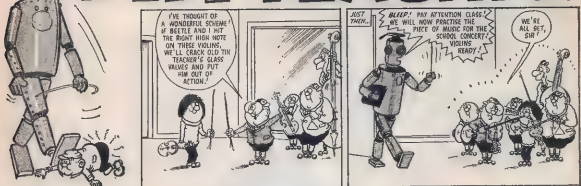




THE CHUMS OF M.U.M. ARE IN TROUBLE—AND THAT'S FLAT! FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT MONDAY!

BRAINY AND BEETLE FIND THAT PLAYING VIOLINS CAN BE A PAINFUL EXPERIENCE!

T-TIN TEACHER



THE BOYS AIM TO CREATE SOME ILL-FEELING TOWARDS T-T AT A MEDICAL EXAMINATION NEXT WEEK!

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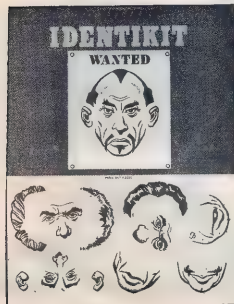


THE RED ARROW

delta wing aeroplane

it climbs! it turns!

it swoops! it loops!

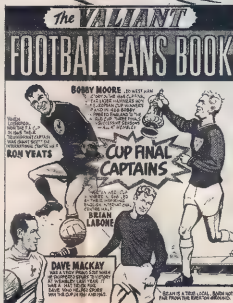


ANOTHER GIFT
NUMBER NEXT
WEEK

Free with VALIANT
on sale Monday March 4th

THE VALIANT IDENTIKIT

YOU CAN MAKE OVER
1,000 FACES WITH THIS
MASTER CRIMINAL OUTFIT



AND AN EXCITING EXTRA
THE WEEK AFTER

Extra inside VALIANT
on sale Monday March 11th

This special eight-page pull-out
book for every soccer fan

Also—100 FOOTBALLS TO
BE WON EVERY WEEK
FOR FIVE WEEKS with
"Soccer Stars"—a super new
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*still looking
for more
excitement?
see over for
GREAT NEW
FEATURES—
starting today!*

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Six sensational new features



Don't miss a single one of their exploits! Plus gripping new adventures of these **VALIANT** favourites: Sexton Blake—The House of Dolmann—Captain Hurricane
The Wild Wonders—Kelly's Eye—The Steel Claw—Billy Bunter

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7d every Monday

40 powerful pages sizzling with fun, thrills and excitement

Get your copy TODAY—and EVERY Monday

A Fleetway magazine

BUSTER'S BIRTHDAY CLUB

MY ADDRESS:
BUSTER'S BIRTHDAY CLUB
1-2 BEAR ALLEY,
FARRINGTON STREET,
LONDON, EC4 (COMP.)



HEY, KIDS... WIN THIS CAMERA!

It's a Kodak "Instamatic," the easiest to use camera ever, and it takes both colour and black and white pictures.

Most cameras are just too much for me, chums—all kinds of knobs and levers and dials—but not this *Instamatic*! Just drop the film pack in and you're loaded; press the button and you've taken a picture!

WHAT TO DO: In the puzzle on the right, there are eight squares, each consisting of two halves that don't belong together. All you have to do is match them up correctly and name the object—for example, your first answer will be "I and C—Shears." Now, I've given you one answer. You have to find the other seven!

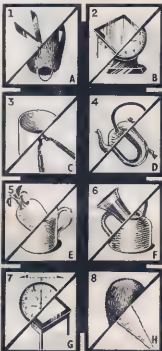
When you've sorted them out, list all eight answers neatly in numbered order on a postcard with your full name, address and date of birth. Print "SQUARES" at the top, ask an adult to sign it as your own unaided work and post to reach the Club not later than Thursday, 7th March.

This is a members-only competition, mind, but this includes newcomers, so if you haven't yet sent in a joining form, post it off now together with your puzzle answers in the same envelope.

Cameras will be awarded for the five nearest, correct entries, age being taken into account, and there are "Surprise" parcels waiting for 20 runners-up. My decision is final.

Note: There are book prizes for the ten nearest correct entries according to age from overseas members. The closing date for members living abroad is 27th June.

Buster



DATE SPOTTERS

—PICK A PRIZE!

5th DECEMBER, 1958

28th AUGUST, 1957

23rd FEBRUARY, 1960

2nd JUNE, 1959

16th OCTOBER, 1958

13th APRIL, 1955

CHECK those dates above, mates—there could be a prize for you! If you can see the exact day, month and year of your birth, and you sent in a Club joining form before Monday 26th February, you can stake your claim!

Just write your full name, address and date of birth on a plain postcard. Now add your choice from this list of awards: Fountain Pen, Model Vintage Car Kit, Disguise Outfit, Writing Folder, Pocket Knife.

To win your prize just solve the following simple puzzle:

AFTER HOSE PUPPY DAIRY

The names of four flowers are hidden in the words above—all you have to do is change one letter in each word to find them. Write the four names on your postcard, put "DATES" in the top left corner (address side) and post to reach the Club by Thursday, 7th March. Overseas members have until 27th June.

Remember, chums, if you have already won a Birth Date Award, you must not send in again! Don't be too disappointed if your date didn't appear this week—there will be more next week, and more chances for you to win!

MORE OF MY PALS



This Walsall member with the big grin is Christopher Lloyd, who collects models.



What... another Chris! Christopher Fitches, 11, hails from Leicester and likes painting.



From Dublin, here's Keith Bloomfield, who's keen on football and cricket.



Meet David Farmer, of Brewwood. He spends his spare time with his stamp collection.

*Join here
FREE*

NOW'S your chance, newcomers! Fill in this form and, like my four pals on the left, you can take part in the Club fun immediately by entering the "SQUARES" competition—just post your joining form and entry card in the same envelope!

There are no Club rules or membership cards to bother about. Just send me the joining form and you are automatically made a member! Membership is free, but if you'd like our super badge to wear, fill in the bottom form as well and enclose a shilling postal order. (Overseas readers must send International Reply Coupons, NOT postal orders.) If you don't want the badge, send in the top form only!

FREE JOINING FORM

Dear Buster—I am, or am becoming, a regular reader of your comic. Please make me a member of your Birthday Club. I have not sent in a joining form before.

MY FULL Names are
MY FULL Address is
.....

I was born on:

DAY OF MONTH: YEAR

If you want a Club badge, also PRINT your name and address clearly with a ball pen on the return label below, stick 4d stamp where shown, and enclose with a shilling postal order.



The Club Badge costs one shilling plus postage.

Name
Address

Stick 4d stamp firmly here for return postage

If undelivered please return to:
BUSTER'S Birthday Club, 1-2 Bear Alley,
Farrington Street, London, E.C.4 (Comps.)

DR. MARVEL'S DOUBTS ABOUT THE MULTI-GUN'S POWER WERE SOON DISPELLED!



MICKY MARVEL'S MULTI-GUN



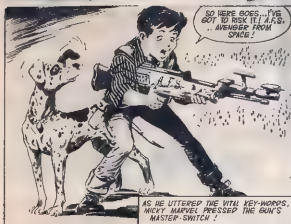
Micky Marvel had become the guardian of the Multi-Gun, which he alone could change from a toy into a real weapon by uttering certain keywords. Micky's scientist father was kidnapped by enemy agents, and the boy tracked them to a fortified island before being captured himself. Thinking that the Multi-Gun was harmless, the crooks put Micky into a dug-out along with his captive father...



DR. MARVEL KNEW NOTHING OF THE POWERS OF THE AMAZING GUN...

SPELLMAN MADE ME PROMISE THAT I WOULD NEVER REVEAL THE MULTI-GUN'S SECRET! BUT I CAN'T KEEP IT FROM YOU - MY OWN FATHER!

EH? MUST SECRET, MICKY? WHO'S SPELLMAN?



AS HE UTTERED THE VITAL KEY-WORDS, MICKY MARVEL PRESSED THE GUN'S MASTER-SWITCH!



YEPPEE! IT'S BECOMING A REAL WEAPON AGAIN, AND THAT INCLUDES THE LASER-PISTOL!



DR. MARVEL'S AMAZEMENT GREW AS MICKY THREW ANOTHER SWITCH, AND DETACHED THE LASER-PISTOL FROM ITS FIXED POSITION...

NOW, LOOK HERE, SON! WE HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO PLAY GAMES..!



THEN A THIN BEAM OF BLINDING LIGHT SUDDENLY LANDED FROM THE PISTOL-BARRIL



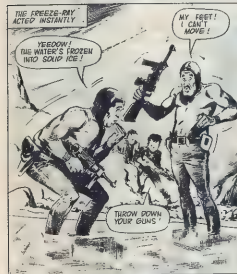
IT'S M-MELTING THEM LIKE CUBES! IT IS A LASER-BEAM!

BRAVE YOUNG MICKY INSPIRED A DRAMATIC BID FOR FREEDOM!





THE FOUR AGENTS HURRIED OFF, AND AS THEY BEGAN TO CROSS A SHALLOW STREAM...



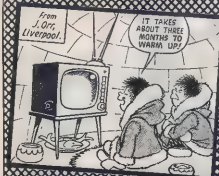
BUT THE MULTI-GUN WAS ABOUT TO FACE A FANTASTIC CHALLENGE TO ITS POWERS



WHAT AN AMAZING WAR VEHICLE! WILL MICKY BE OUT-GUNNED? SEE NEXT MONDAY!

THIS GRAND FREE-TO-ENTER COMPETITION IS OPEN TO ALL! SEND IN A JOKE TODAY!

MAKE BUSTER LAUGH



£16
TO BE
WON
EVERY
WEEK

Write or draw your joke on a postcard, stamp the card, and post to:

**BUSTER and GIGGLE,
FLEETWAY HOUSE,
FARRINGTON ST.,
LONDON, E.C.4.**

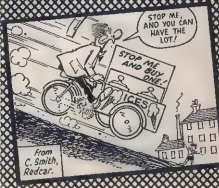
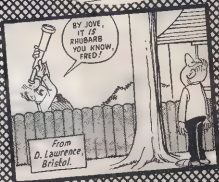
**£2 WILL BE AWARDED
FOR EACH OF THE
EIGHT JOKE
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.**

(When similar jokes are received, the first one to be judged will be awarded the prize.)

**MY THREE FAVOURITE
FEATURES ARE:**

- 1
- 2
- 3

**PLEASE FILL IN THE
COUPON ABOVE AND
PASTE IT TO YOUR
POSTCARD.**

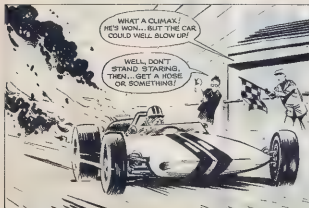
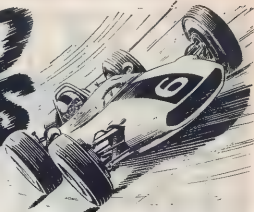


TRIUMPH AND DESPAIR CAME AS ONE FOR BRAINBOX AND SIMON!



Simon Starr and "Brainbox" Cox entered their home-made car, "Soapbox Special II", for an important event at the well-known Roseberry race track. In spite of jeers from the officials, Simon raced into a winning lead—but at the line his car burst into flames...

The SKID KIDS



WHAT A CLIMAX! HE'S WON... BUT THE CAR COULD WELL BLOW UP!

WELL, DON'T STAND STARING, THEN... GET A HOSE OR SOMETHING!



SIMON SCRAMBLED CLEAR AS SOON AS HE HAD STOPPED...

UGH! POINT THAT THING AT THE CAR, YOU IDIOT! NOT AT ME!

WHOOOPS! SORRY, SIMON! STAND ASIDE!



BUT IT WAS TOO LATE... THE FLAMES HAD TAKEN THEIR TOLL!

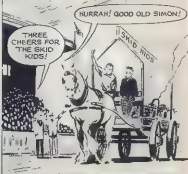
WELL, THAT'S THE END OF THAT! THERE'S NOT MUCH LEFT, IS THERE?

NO... ALL OUR HARD WORK GONE UP IN SMOKE!

HOWEVER, SIMON HAD WON THE RACE...

IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS TROPHY! CONGRATULATIONS, MR. STARR! YOU TOO, MR. COX!

AS THEY LEFT THE TRACK WITH THE REMAINS OF THEIR RACER, THE SKID KIDS RECEIVED A HEART-WARMING OVATION...



HURRAH! GOOD OLD SIMON!

THREE CHEERS FOR THE SKID KIDS!



SIMON AND BRAINBOX RETURNED TO THEIR MAKESHIFT HEADQUARTERS...

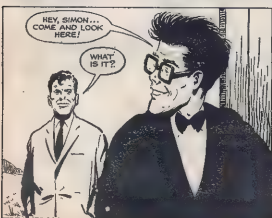
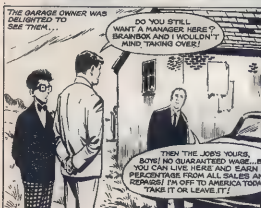
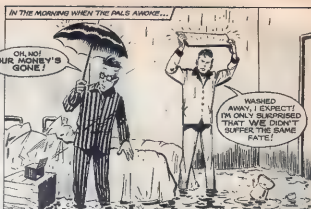
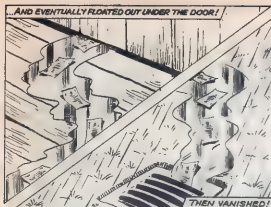
WHAT DO WE DO NOW? ALL WE'VE GOT TO SHOW FOR EVERYTHING IS A CUP AND TEN POUNDS IN CASH! NO CAR... NOTHING!

YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU LIKE, BRAINBOX, BUT I'M GOING TO BED! I'LL WORRY ABOUT OUR PROBLEMS IN THE MORNING!



DURING THE NIGHT IT RAINED AND A STEADY STREAM FELL THROUGH LEAKING ROOF TIMBERS...

THE SKID KIDS' MONEY FELL INTO THE WATER...

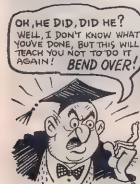
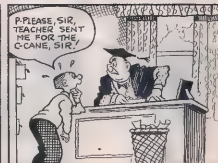
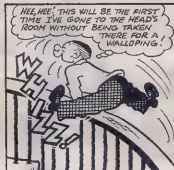


NEXT WEEK : THE ANCIENT RACER FACES ITS FIRST BIG TEST !

SMILER'S THE NAME . . . AND LAUGHTER IS HIS GAME !



SMILER



AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT! PLACE A REGULAR ORDER FOR "BUSTER and GIGGLE" NOW!



It's an all-action life in the Royal Navy

Go for the life that's got action and adventure. Go for the Royal Navy.

There's nothing to match it.

You can go places other men only dream about. Maybe swim off Buenos Aires, Sail to Bermuda. Go bergain hunting in Singapore.

You'll take part in big naval exercises. Seek out subs. Fire missiles. Be ready to hunt pirates, protect shipping—or dash to the aid of civilians in distress.

Keen on sport? You'll get plenty. Swimming. Water-skiing. Playing for your ship's football team—or even in a beat group!

You can get yourself a good trade too. A trade in engineering or electronics that

lets you work on space-age equipment—like long-range radar; or as a Seaman operating advanced weapons—like guided missiles.

You can expect steady promotion—as fast as you can measure up to it. By his early twenties a good man can be earning well over £1,000 a year (including marriage allowance).

And you can go for a commission. Today, in the Royal Navy, one officer in three begins his career as a rating.

Get into action—now. Cut the coupon. You can join at 15.

Get out of the rut. Get into the Royal Navy

Royal Navy

Royal Naval Careers Service, (694SMA), Old Admiralty Building, Whitehall, London, S.W.1. Please send me, entirely without obligation the free 52-page booklet "The Royal Navy as a Career."

Name

Address

Date of birth

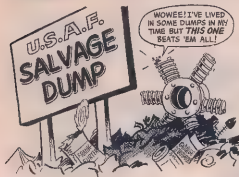
(Enquiries from U.K. residents only)

CRUNCHER IS EVICTED FROM HIS NEW HOME—IT'S QUITE AN EXPLOSIVE SITUATION!

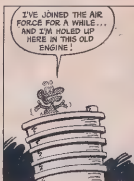


CRUNCHER

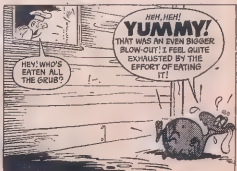
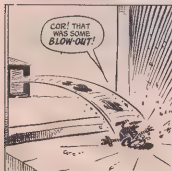
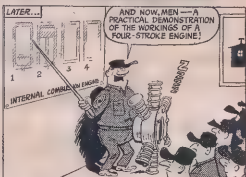
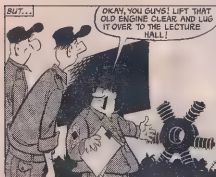
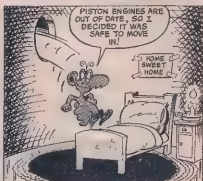
THE TINY TERMITE WITH THE BIG APPETITE



WOWEE! I'VE LIVED IN SOME DUMPS IN MY TIME BUT **THIS ONE** BEATS 'EM ALL!



I'VE JOINED THE AIR FORCE FOR A WHILE... AND I'M HOLED UP HERE IN THIS OLD ENGINE!



NEXT MONDAY'S TALE GOES WITH A BANG, AND CRUNCHER'S THE TARGET FOR BOMBING PRACTICE!

THIS MISCHIEVOUS MISS SOON BRINGS EVENTS TO A HEAD !



CALAMITY KATE



THERE'S NEVER A BULL MOMENT WITH KATE AROUND! SEE HER AGAIN SOON!

NOW ON SALE!

Four action-packed picture stories of war in the air

ATLANTIC PATROL No. 374

The Sunderlands of Coastal Command sought the enemy—in the sky or beneath the waves.

CAT O' NINE LIVES No. 375

It was an impossible target, and the pilots knew that they were flying into the jaws of death.

EMERGENCY! EMERGENCY! No. 376

Every time they came in to land, the deck landing officer held their lives in his hands...

PICK YOUR TARGET! No. 377

He was a top fighter ace who showed no mercy—and expected none in return.

AIR ACE PICTURE LIBRARY

HURRY FOR THESE THRILLING TITLES

TODAY 1s 0d each (U.K. price only)

From newsagents and booksellers everywhere

A Fleetway Library



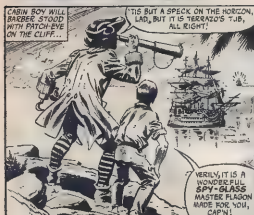
PATCH-EYE SPIED A DUKE'S SHIP—AND HOPED FOR RICH PICKINGS!

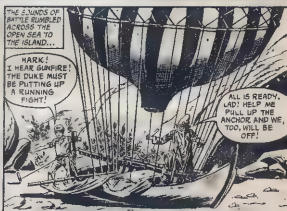


PATCH-EYE HOOKER

Terror of the seas

WHEN PATCH-EYE HOOKER THE PIRATE HEARD TELL THAT THE DUKE DEL TERRAZZO, A RELATIVE OF THE KING OF SPAIN, WAS SAILING PAST HIS ISLAND HIDE-OUT IN A GALLEON LOADED WITH GOLD, HE PREPARED A RIGHT ROYAL WELCOME FOR HIM...





INVISIBILITY TABLETS PROVE A BITTER PILL TO ENEMIES OF TOM ARTO !



The Disappearing Trick.

THERE was a spy among the big wigs of Umbug. They said he had done good work, returning from the neighbouring country of Dribbel with startling news.

While spying on military manoeuvres, they had witnessed the amazing spectacle of a field full of soldiers one minute and a field full of nothing the next !

Before their very eyes the entire soldiery had disappeared without trace. Where could they have got to ?

After a week of investigating, the spies discovered the fact that the authorities of Dribbel had made a terrific discovery.

They were manufacturing invisibility tablets ! One of these, swallowed with gallons of water, rendered a person invisible.

This meant trouble. The Dribbel soldiers would be able to walk into another country without being seen, and by the time they became visible, the whole thing would be over without any real war.



The Umbug authorities knew that their country would be the first victim. The Dribbel President had no weather vane on his house, and had to rely on the radio for the weather report ; the Umbug President had a large weather vane, and knew that the jealous Dribbel President would come and get it.

Although the spies had done good work in uncovering the great secret, they had not the ability to combat it—only one man could do that.

Tom Arto, the famous special agent.

The President went to the telephone as it wouldn't come to him, and was soon speaking to Tom.

After hearing the particulars of the situation, Tom asked a question :

"How do the soldiers become visible again when they want to ?"

"They have an antidote," came the reply.

"What good is a nannygoat ?"

"Not a nannygoat—an antidote."

"What does she do ?"

"What does who do ?"

"This Auntie Dote."

"This does is an anti—not an aunty !" roared the President. "Why should they pick on us ? We're most uncomplaining."

"Uncle who ? You said it was an aunty before !" exclaimed Tom.

"Bah ! There must be something wrong with this phone, or you've sprung a leak in one ear !"

remarked the President. "Come over and help us."

Tom fetched a large airmail letter, posted himself, and flew to Umbug. He soon located the President.

"Now," Tom said, "where's the nannygoat you spoke of ? Is it a real nannygoat ?"

"It's all but," said the President.

"All goats are all butt," said Tom. "Bring it in."

"There's no goat here—at least, there wasn't until you arrived," sighed the President. "The army of Dribbel are able to make themselves disappear with the aid of tablets. They have an antidote to make themselves visible again."

"What ?"

"It means that they're not there when they are, and they're there when they're not."

Tom gave a puzzled look.

"How can they be not there when they're not, and are when they are ?" he said.

"Not not when they're not ; not when they are, and are when they're not."

"Stop !" demanded Tom. "You'll have me as barmy as yourself if you go on like that. What's all this 'not-not' business ?"

"I didn't say not-not ; I said not."

"Not what ?" asked Tom.

"Not are, not not-not. Just one not," replied the President. "It's quite simple : the army becomes invisible and walks in, then takes the antidote to become visible in our midst."

Tom disguised himself as a pedlar and cycled into the country of Dribbel.

He approached a factory which bore a sign : INVISIBILITY TABLET FACTORY. SECRET.

Entering the factory by a window, he speedily pocketed a number of tablets and returned to Umbug, and the President.

Next day the Dribbel Parliament met. Tom and the Umbug President were present, but not seen. They were invisible, having taken some of the tablets Tom had borrowed.

The Dribbel President got up and made his point.

"Gentlemen," he said, "tomorrow we must take possession of Umbug."

"Don't be a fathead," said Tom, safely invisible.

"Who said that ?" demanded the Dribbel President.

"Me !"

"Who's 'me' ?"

"You're you !"

"I know I'm me," growled the Dribbel President. "I mean—"

"Order !" shouted the usher.

"You're an usher," said Tom, "and your

place is to 'ush and let old frosty-face talk."

"Who is that ?" yelled the Dribbel President, looking frantically round for the mysterious voice.

"Yah ! Monkey-face !" said Tom, throwing an inkpot at the President and catching him on the nose.

"Who threw that ?" bawled the President, now so angry that he would have torn his hair out if he hadn't been bald.

"I did !" shouted Tom, throwing two Members of Parliament at the amazed President.

Tom and the President of Umbug laid about them with everything they could lay hands on. In a short time the place was a shambles and everybody sported a thick ear or a black eye. Some even had one of each ! A matching set.

"The army has disappeared !" Tom shouted suddenly.

"Then give them an antidote !" shrieked the inky-faced President.

"Impossible."

"Why ?"

It was then that Tom Arto did a clever thing. He swallowed an antidote himself and appeared as if by magic.

"Because," Tom said, "I have put an invisible mixture in the antidote, and the more the



soldiers take the more they disappear !"

Their work done, Tom and the Umbug President dashed to the frontier. There they were confronted by a sentry.

"Halt !" he said. "Give the password."

"Tickle, tickle !" said Tom.

"That's not the password," said the sentry, with a growl.

"What is it, then ?" asked Tom.

"Wriggle, wriggle !" said the sentry.

"That's what I meant," said Tom, attempting to push past.

The sentry barred his way. Tom presented him with an invisibility tablet and the man swallowed it quickly. He had not been all there in the first place ; after taking the tablet he was not there at all !

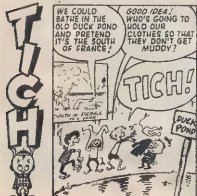
Soon, Tom and the President were back in the State of Umbug.

That night, before leaving for home, Tom presented two invisibility tablets to the President.

"What are these for ?" he asked.

"One for the nannygoat, and one for your Auntie Dote you were telling me about," said Tom, grinning cheerfully as he went on his way—to new adventures !

(If it's laughter you're after, keep another date with Tom Arto in next week's BUSTER and GIGGLE !)



THIS SENSATIONAL, SPINE-CHILLING PICTURE-STORY STARTS TODAY!

PERIL FROM BELOW

THE WIND WHISTLED THROUGH THE PENBROKESHIRE HILLS AS THE SMALL TRUCK BUCKED ITS WAY OVER A TIME-TRODDEN TRACK. THE BIG, WEATHER-BEATEN STONES MARKING AN ANCIENT GRAVE CAUGHT THE EYE OF DR. DICK RIVERS, A YOUNG SCIENTIST, AND ONE OF BRITAIN'S TOP ENGINEERING EXPERTS IN DRILLING DEEP INTO THE EARTH...

THAT'S WHAT I CALL A REAL FEAT OF ENGINEERING! YOU HAVE TO HAND IT TO THOSE ANCIENTS THE WAY THEY BUILT THEIR DOLMENS!

PITY THERE AREN'T SOME STILL AROUND TO HELP US BREAK THROUGH THAT BED ROCK AT THE BORING, SIR!

THEN AHEAD ANOTHER STRUCTURE BROKE THE SKYLINE—THAT OF A TALL OIL DERRICK ERECTED IN THE DEAR VALLEY...

THIS NEW TYPE OF DRILL MIGHT BE THE ANSWER!

I HOPE SO, SIR! THE SOONER WE BREAK THROUGH, THE SOONER WE CAN GO! THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

AND SO TO THE SITE ITSELF, WHERE THEY WERE GREETED WITH THE NEWS OF YET ANOTHER FAILURE...

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME, DOC! WE'VE JUST SHATTERED ANOTHER DRILL! IT'S HEART-BREAKING TO SAY THE LEAST!

WORK BEGAN AGAIN WHEN THE NEW DRILL WAS FITTED AND EVERYBODY WAITED ANXIOUSLY FOR THE RESULTS...

KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED!

IT'S DOWN TO THE BED ROCK, SIR!

DAYLIGHT TURNED TO DUSK AS THE DRILLING CONTINUED...

HOW MUCH LONGER?

GIVE IT TIME! IF THIS DRILL GOES, WE'VE HAD IT!

WELL INTO THE NIGHT, WHILE SNATCHING A HURRIED SNACK, DICK RIVERS WAS SUDDENLY CALLED FOR...

WE'VE DONE IT, SIR! WE'RE THROUGH THE ROCK!

FOOD FORGOTTEN, DICK RIVERS DASHED OUT OF THE HUT...

WHAT WAS THE DEPTH?

NINE THOUSAND FEET, SIR!

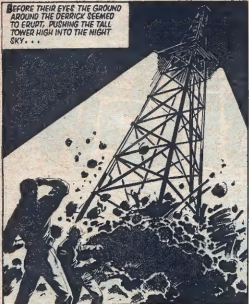
SUDDENLY THE ENGINEER FROZE IN HIS TRACKS...

BY GLORY! LOOK OUT, YOU MEN!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

THE TOWERING OIL DERRICK CRASHED ... AND CHAOS AND CONFUSION REIGNED !

BEFORE THEIR EYES THE GROUND AROUND THE DERRICK SEEMED TO ERUPT, PUSHING THE TALL TOWER HIGH INTO THE NIGHT SKY ...



MEN AND MACHINERY WERE HEAVED UP AND TOSSED ASIDE AMID ERUPTING EARTH ...



THEN, WITH A MIGHTY CRASH, THE TOWER CAME THUNDERING DOWN, DESTROYING ITSELF AND MOST OF THE SITE ...



DICK RIVERS WAS ONE OF THE LUCKY FEW TO ESCAPE. IMMEDIATELY HE THOUGHT OF THE OTHERS ...



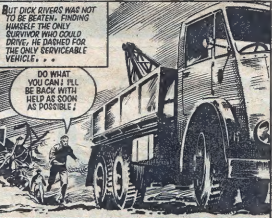
GET ON THE DRONE TO FISHGUARD! GET AMBULANCES OUT HERE AT ONCE!

THEN CAME ANOTHER BLOW ...



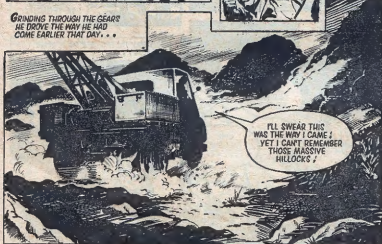
THE LINE IS DEAD, SIR!

BUT DICK RIVERS WAS NOT TO BE BEATEN. FINDING HIMSELF THE ONLY SURVIVOR WHO COULD DRIVE, HE DASHED FOR THE ONLY SERVICEABLE VEHICLE ...



DO WHAT YOU CAN! I'LL BE BACK WITH HELP AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

GRINDING THROUGH THE GEARS HE DROVE THE WAY HE HAD COME EARLIER THAT DAY ...



I'LL SWEAR THIS WAS THE WAY I CAME! YET I CAN'T REMEMBER THOSE MASSIVE HILLOCKS!



BUT THIS MUST BE THE WAY THERE'S THAT DOLMEN!

AT LAST HE MANAGED TO REACH THE ROAD. HERE, TOO, THE WHOLE LANDSCAPE HAD CHANGED AND LARGE HUMMOCKS HAD APPEARED WHERE THERE WERE NONE BEFORE...



IT MUST HAVE BEEN A MINOR EARTHQUAKE!

THEN AHEAD OF HIM IN THE GLARING HEADLIGHTS...



BY GLORY! A GIRL RUNNING THIS WAY! SHE LOOKS PANIC-STRICKEN!

THEN TO DICK RIVERS'S SURPRISE...



SHE'S TURNED AND IS RUNNING FROM ME! FOR PETE'S SAKE, SHE'S FALLEN!



SHE'S IN A DEAD FANT! SCARED OUT OF HER WITS, BY THE LOOK OF HER! BETTER TAKE HER ALONG!

THEY'VE GOT ME! THEY'RE EVERYWHERE! THEY'VE GOT ME!

THEY? WHO ARE THEY? I WONDER!

WHAT EVIL MENACE HAS ALARMED THE GIRL? DON'T MISS NEXT MONDAY'S GRIPPING EPISODE!

HEY! GET YOUR SKATES ON, PALS!



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DISPLAY EDITION 22/11

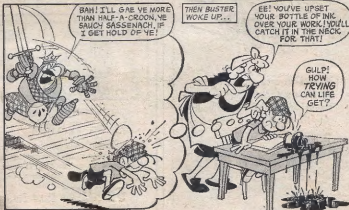
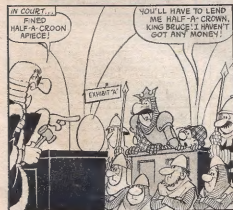
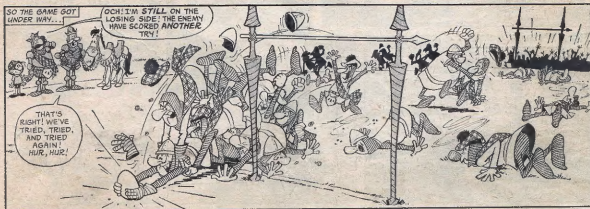
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CLUB EDITION 45/11

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SUBBUTEO

Dept. C12, Langton Green, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.



NEXT MONDAY, BUSTER DREAMS THAT HE RUFFLES THE FEATHERS OF A RED INDIAN!